

Surprises by Kiku_Takamoto

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Summary:

When Steve's childhood cat dies, Billy has a perfect way of cheering him up.

Surprises

“It will be just two hours,” Nancy pleaded. Steve was having none of it, normally he would bend at whatever request Nancy wanted. Today was not one of those days. His heavy eyes and heart explained emotions words could never describe.

“Steve, why don’t you want to hang out after school-“

“For the last time no Nancy. I want to be alone, why don’t you get that? Sorry, I don’t want to be third wheel with you and Byers,” before Nancy could gather her words, Steve slammed his locker all but stalking away from her and down the hallway. For the first time he was early to a class.

From further away Billy watched in silent curiosity at the scene.

“Why is pretty boy all doom and gloom?” he asked casually, trying to look as unbothered as possible. Nicole rolled her eyes at the topic.

“Who cares -“

“Stevie’s cat died,’ Tommy stated, looking outright happy at Steve’s expense. Billy wanted to punch the grin right off his face, ‘Of course a fruitcake like him would be upset over a damn cat- ow! Babe!’”

Carol did not relax her glare or relax her raised hand.

“Oh, screw off Tommy. Stevie’s had Valentina since he was six, don’t be such a dick,” she chided, flicking his nose again for good measure. Tommy gave her a look similar to what a child in time out would give after being caught in the act.

Billy’s face paled. He knew how much Steve loved his cat.

“So that’s why he didn’t answer his phone all week.”

“Valentina?”

Tommy rubbed his stinging nose defensively, “Yeah, his mommy gave that name to the cat.”

“Pretty boy had a cat?” Billy asked continuing his dumb act with ease.

Carol gave a genuine sad smile, now Billy was worried. He had seen Valentina sleeping in her bed in the corner of Steve’s room several times but being an old cat, she mainly slept on, unbothered by the noises she no longer could hear. He never saw Steve interact with her much, but then again Steve probably knew better then to bother a geriatric feline.

If Carol of people was sympathetic, then this had to be really news for Steve.

“People really are right when they say pets leave a hole in your heart.”

“Yeah, pretty little calico. He got her because he really wanted a pet, but dogs were too messy for his mom, so she got a cat the ‘clean’ animal,” she explained briefly. She smiled softly as she pictured the ball of fluff in her mind of all the times she Steve’s house to see his cat cuddling in the crook of his neck.

“It’s too bad too, I actually really like his cat. She was so cute. Oh well, circle of life,” she finished walking away while Tommy’s sulking followed behind her.

“Yeah,” Billy whispered. Then an idea sparked in his head.

“Good thing I don’t have practice today, I have something very important to do.”

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Steve was depressed. He cancelled everything, he didn’t even pick the kids up from school today. Jonathan and Nancy took that responsibly off his shoulders. Even after he snapped at Nancy. He just wanted to be sad and drink alcohol, why couldn’t anyone understand that?

A knock at the door all but answered his inner thoughts. With all his friends he wouldn’t be left alone for long. Steve grungily walked towards the door. Expect it wasn’t any of the kids or Jonathan and Nancy. It was Billy.

“Hargrove? I thought we weren’t supposed to hang out till frid- what’s with the box?” he asked pointing at the cardboard box with tiny little holes in the blonde’s hands.

“I have surprise,” he smirked. Steve was nervous, with Billy his surprises were always unpredictable.

“Please tell me it’s not another sex shop toy that you bought just to a reaction out of me,” Steve pleaded as he sat down on the couch, with Billy joining him as he placed the box between them.

“No, but I have a feeling even your tight ass will like this,” he declared carefully opening the box. Steve quirked an eyebrow, he was not in the mood for games, but at the same time it was nice distraction.

“Oh yeah? Try-“ Steve’s widen in shock at what Billy pulled out of the box, any feeling of sadness he had suddenly evaporated from his body, ‘Me.’”

Billy grinned at Steve as the brunette targeted his sight at the small black kitten with the white collar in Billy’s hands.

“You like what I have, princess?”

Steve took the kitten from the blonde’s hands without hesitation.

Billy knew this kitten could never replace Valentina, but he also knew it was hard to feel sad for long when a cute kitten was right there, attention wanting and all.

“Oh my God, who is this?” Steve cooed at the black kitten who mewed at receiving attention from the new stranger.

“She doesn’t have a name, but the guy at the shelter was gonna gas her. Apparently, the hicks think black cats are bad luck. So they get put down first,” as soon as those words left Billy’s mouth Steve looked at him as if he just admitted to being a serial killer.

Billy grinned at watching Steve rub his nose against the kittens.

“But you are so cute’ he cooed, earning more small meows from the ball of fur. He looked up to see Billy all but gawking at the display, Steve’s ears turned red, ‘You better not anyone about this.”

Billy scooted closer to Steve, giving the brunette a hungry stare, “Then how about you reward me?”

Steve grinned pushing his face closer to Billy’s face, millimeters from his lips, “I think I can arrange that-“

Meow

Both boys looked down to see the kitten struggling to get out of

Steve's grip as she meowed in protest, Steve shook his head allowing the tiny gift to rub up against his jean covered thigh. Just when the pair thought everything was good, meowing interrupted them again, Steve rolled his eyes playfully.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Steve apologized to the kitten as he scratched behind her ear, earning a loud purr from the tiny body.

Billy shook his head, "*Harrington is already turning bitch for a cat.*"

"What you gonna name her Harrington?"

Steve lifted up the kitten, looking at her as if he was trying to solve a puzzle, "Hmm ... how about Bella?"

"Why that name?"

"Don't know, just came to mind,' the only response Steve got was the stoic 'dead on the inside' look from the blonde, 'Don't give me that look, at least I'm better at names than Ms. Henderson."

"True," Billy shrugged his shoulder, taking his turn in petting the kitten, Bella, as she crawled into his lap. Visibly flinching as her claws dug into his Levi's before she decided that he was her new nap spot. Steve smiled brightly at the display, it was silently ironic to Steve that Billy, an angry metalhead jock, get all soft on kitten. How Billy presented in public vs private was like night and day to Steve.

“Want to stay for beer?”

“Wish I could but I have to pick shitbird up,’ Billy sighed, hesitantly taking Bella out of his lap before handing her over to Steve, who gladly took her off his hands. As he walked out of the front door, Billy looked straight at Steve, licking his lips at the brunette, ‘But I’ll gladly take a reward later.”

Steve suddenly felt warmer.

All he could mutter out was, “That can be arranged.”

... Three Years Later

Meow

Meow

Meow

Paper tongue licks at the butt crack of dawn was daily ritual for Billy. For whatever god-forsaken reason, Bella decided that Billy was her favorite person to wake up. It was never Steve, it was always Billy.

Billy barely opened his eyes to see the now adult Bella staring him

down with her big yellow eyes. Despite her slim short hair figure, she felt heavy on his chest as she rubbed her face into his five o'clock shadow.

It was Saturday, his day off, the clock next to bed confirmed how early it actually was, "Bella? Its fucking five in the morning-"

Bela responded by rubbing herself harder to Billy's face and hair, her purrs were so loud any attempt at ignoring her would be in vain. Billy cracked on the spot as he slowly got up.

'God damn it, I turned bitch for a cat," he mumbled, slipping on his shirt from the night before.

"Welcome to cat ownership," Steve mumbled sheepishly next to him. Billy didn't even care if he had a hot naked boyfriend next to him, all he could feel was utter distain that his beauty sleep was interfered, again.

"She's your cat," Billy growled, caressing the bare skin on Steve's back.

"Our cat," Steve responded, burying himself further into the warm sheets. Billy was not having it, if he had to wake up so did Steve.

"Stefano."

“William,” Steve rebutted, ignoring Billy in favor for his sheets. Billy was fuming.

“Maybe some red handprints on his pale ass will change his mind-“

Meow

Meow

Billy looked to his side to see Bella meowing continuously, this time rubbing her warm body against Billy’s back. That was the moment Billy gave up all hope of any sleep.

“Ok, ok, I’m up, I’m up,’ he grumbled picking up the skinny cat with ease. Bella purred happily in his arms, ‘You’re lucky pretty boy likes you.’

She jumped from his arms meowing happily as she rubbed up against his legs. Billy sighed heavily, just like Steve, Bella was always needy and attention seeking. In other words, Billy picked a cat that was a little too perfect of a match for Steve. But as long as she made Steve happy Billy couldn't be too upset.

‘Ok fine, I like you too.”

Author's Note:

Pet deaths are so painful, it's the worst part of owning a pet.

Fun Fact: Calicos are predominantly female due to their double X chromosomes, due to two X

chromosomes being needed for their triple colored coats.

Not so fun fact: Black cats are more likely to be euthanized than brighter colored cats, some of the reasons being they are associated with bad luck, and because their fur color makes them 'difficult to photograph'. It's sad, black cats are awesome to have.